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but he held the popular fancy by his wholesomeness, polish, and good taste. How he will eventually rank as a black-and-white artist in the company of the great illustrators of *Punch* it is too soon to say. Methods of drawing and printing have changed radically. Leech worked directly on the block of wood when he drew his English beauties in crinolines and chignons. So did Keane in his sketches of London street life and Du Maurier in his scenes of fashionable society, up to their last years. Gibson's drawings were made on paper and usually much reduced in scale for printing. In his range of types he has been nearer Du Maurier than the others, but that must have been from choice, for his talent for portraiture cannot be challenged.

With time his work must acquire real historical value, just as Leech's has done. The student of the social manners of England fifty years ago gets side-lights from Leech's pictures which no written accounts can supply. So Gibson may justly hope that his illustrations of contemporary fashions and follies will make clearer to future generations the conditions which he ridiculed and criticised with so much sympathy and good nature.

S. N. C.



## GREEK VERSUS MODERN SCULPTURE

Modern art is almost never unconscious. It is artificial; it does not ring true. Once in a while one finds some exquisite little face, some lovely bit of fresh and unstudied inspiration, but usually the thing eludes us. It does not belong to modern art. The Greeks carved their souls in marble; they expressed ideas rather than actions, and the results—the splendid simplicity before which we bow to-day, as well as the perfect blitheness and sanity of which Winkelmann speaks.

Technical dexterity, or that fatal thumb facility so rampant in Paris to-day, was never considered an end, but a means to an end, by the Greeks. With the Greek, it went without saying that he could use his tools. Sometimes he permitted himself technical "fireworks," just to show that he could do it, but as a rule it did not seem worth while; the thought, not the method, was the main thing.

The Greek sculptor, further, was not biased by any Puritan element which forbade the representation of the nude, nor bound nor harassed by ecclesiasticism. Neither, on the other hand, was he tainted by any decadent trait such as the Roman sculptor displays, and as is so much in evidence in modern work, showing that the mind of the creator is impure. To him, the Greek, the nude form was the most bold and perfect thing in the world, the home of the immortal spirit. But in the greatest period of Greek art we seldom find the figure treated entirely nude, for the reason that the Greek found that drapery, properly handled, enhanced the beauty of the figure and helped out its action. He did not scruple to take much poetic



LUNCHEON

By Charles Dana Gibson

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license with drapery, as, for instance, in the Elgin marbles and the figures of the friezes. Greek drapery eddies about the limbs of the figure as the water of a brook eddies about a stone.

Neither did the Greek scruple to use poetic license in other things. When he fashioned the horses which figure so largely in the frieze of the Parthenon he made them larger or smaller, as the space demanded. Also, he understood perfectly the value of alliteration and repetition in art, the reiteration of certain lines, as in the procession of the virgins in the Greek festival once in every five years.

It is interesting to note that, different as are the results, the sculptors of ancient Greece worked, technically speaking, precisely like the sculptors of to-day. The fine marks on the marble show that the statues were pointed up" exactly as ours to-day. "Pointing up," you know, is a technical phrase. It refers to the delicate process of measuring the marble replica of the clay or plaster model, and testing the accuracy of the copy by pencil-marks and a fine needle in a little measuring-machine. The needle leaves infinitesimal marks in the surface—hence the origin of the phrase "pointing up." In this and other technical directions the art of sculpture is plied to-day as it was in the days of Phidias and Praxiteles.

The Greeks made a distinction in their treatment of statues which we do not to-day. A temple statue was handled very differently from one intended to be viewed in the open. Take, for example, the difference in the great Athena Parthenos by Phidias, and the famous Hermes of Praxiteles. The former was unfinished in style and was treated with a stiffness and dignity almost architectural and admirably adapted to its position, where it was lighted only from the eastern and western ends of the Parthenon. The latter was polished to a gleamingly smooth surface and perfectly finished in all its details, since it was to be seen in the round and out of doors.

Phidias, by the bye, has generally been accepted as the master of architectonic sculpture, or sculpture as the handmaid of architecture, but personally I believe that the pre-Phidian statues, crude and rough as they were, were better adapted to the uses and effects of architecture than the noble works of Phidias. After his advent sculpture became, not the handmaid of architecture, but her sister, and thus was practically born a new art.

The Oriental character of pre-Phidian Greek sculpture has always led the world to believe that the birthplace of sculpture was Egypt. Even the work of Phidias has an Eastern touch. But the latest finds in Crete seem to prove that Greek art may have grown from its own soil instead of being imported, at it were, from older lands. The Oriental quality was inevitable with Crete so closely in touch with the East—Tyre on one side and Egypt on the other—both ever-present as active, but perhaps tacit, influences.

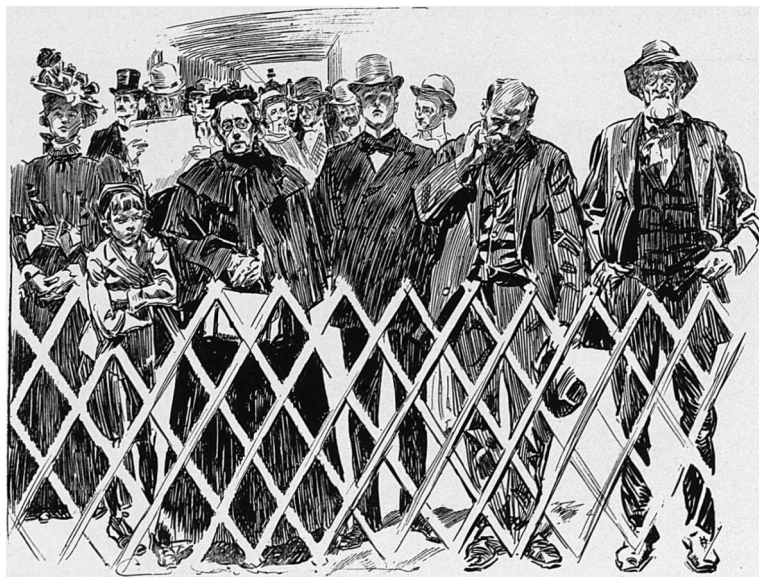


THE CABLE CAR

By Charles Dana Gibson

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I traveled all over Greece, and lingered as I went, though in some ways the land where formerly Sappho loved and sung does disappoint the traveler. The ground plans of Delphi and Olympia are all like Pompeii—roofless entirely, lifting broken columns against the sky. These pale pillars, in rows on rows, make the ruins look like cemeteries, cities of the dead. Delphi—is a very small place. All the excavations could be fitted easily into an American football-field. And this is Delphi—the harbinger of our modern democracy. Delphi, the scourge of empires! The Greeks themselves have done nothing in the way of excavations, but the French and German archæologists have excavated Delphi and Olympia very thoroughly—the French Delphi, the Germans Olympia. Now the Americans are doing equally complete and skillful work at Corinth, under Dr. Hermance of Yale. As a matter of fact, though, you know the “finds” in the way of sculpture are not proving very great in Greece. It must be so. The Romans carried away all the best works of art to decorate their villas in the first place. Nero, as we know, took 75,000 statues from Delphi alone, and some of the rarest creations, notably a famous bronze by Praxiteles, were found in the wrecks of Roman ships. Then what the patricians did not take for their houses the barbarians took for less æsthetic purposes. Burned marble makes lime, and no one can estimate how many priceless statues were destroyed for this sordid purpose alone, and thus lost to the world of art forever.



ON THE FERRY

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THE ELEVENTH INNING

By Charles Dana Gibson

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After the conquest of Persia a number of marbles were discovered buried in the Erechtheum. They had been piled one on top of the other as stop-gaps, and proved to be a remarkable collection, covering the entire period of the rise, development, and highest point of Greek sculpture. They are in the Acropolis Museum now, beside the Parthenon. It is singularly interesting to note that this period of development covered only fifty years — fifty years from the crudent pre-Phidian figures to the most complete achievements of sculptural art. Such rapidity of development, one must admit, is nothing less than wonderful.

Evolution or development is a strange thing. Do you know, for instance, the way the temple, so indissolubly welded into the ideals of Greek art, reached its perfection? It began in a small, unpretending altar under a tree, the tree being supposed to be the home of some god. In time little roughly carved images were added to the place of worship. Afterward the images were cut into great rocks and kept eternal vigil in woodlands, always facing the east. Then they built a house for the god thus worshiped and imaged — first a wooden hut, then a building a trifle more important, and so on, always waiting on and accompanying the waxing faith in the god and the growing skill in the work upon the images. So, as the faith grew great and the faces and forms of the deities sprang into more perfect semblance

of life and beauty, the temples were made more and more worthy of their service, until they became the white-pillared things we travel across the world to see to-day.

The building of these great temples with their enormous marble columns has always been a matter of mystery, or at least conjecture, even as are the Pyramids. Just how were the huge blocks of marble lifted into place? For all the columns are formed in sections, you know, piece on piece. There are two theories which may explain this. The first is that great windlasses were used, worked by vast numbers of men, the cheapness of labor enabling the builders to accomplish extraordinary results through sheer force of numbers. The other theory is rather more curious and interesting, as well as being the more probable, all things considered. It makes the following hypothesis: As each block of marble was set in place, earth was dug up and piled all about it, making a slowly increasing hill up the slope of which the workmen dragged the succeeding blocks. As the column grew, the incline became steeper and steeper and the work more arduous. The column itself was entirely buried, only the white topmost block being visible. When the whole was complete, the earth-hill was dug away bit by bit, receding slowly from the great white pillar, which finally rose straight and perfect, from the leveled ground. The Arabs worked this in the desert, and even as late as the Renaissance, we know of the same method being practised in the building of the Santa Croce Cathedral in Florence.

One of the most insistent qualities which I have noticed in Greek art is the recognition of the near presence of death. It is the dominant note, the enveloping spirit. All their finest work and most delicate designing went to the fashioning of their funeral urns. And in no pagan moment of joy was the fatalism of the race absent; they lived and laughed, but knew the shadow lay just beyond the path of sunlight, where they danced. There is a wonderful little group in the Acropolis Museum of a great lady musing on the vanity of life as she fingers her jewels. Her maid holds the casket open before her. It is a symbolical little bit of sculpture, and deeply significant of the pervading spirit of the Greeks. It was their inherent poetry, perhaps, which fostered the idea, recognizing instinctively the beauty of shadow in contrast to light.

Yet another thing, and this is worth noting — the spirit of Greek art is always one of fervid patriotism. Love of country and desire to dedicate their lives to her service surely animated the souls of the men who carved the great friezes, and symbolized the glory and triumph of righteous war. Greece's art would never have been the great art of the world had the patriotism been lacking. No nation can be great other than through itself, and no art can be supreme that is not a national art. It is Coleridge who says that the only true cosmopolitan is the true patriot, for in him alone does the true cosmic human sense find sincere expression. Patriotism is one of the noblest sentiments known to humanity, one of the great white-hot irons that burn out the epochs in the world's destiny. The man who fights nobly

for a lost cause is better than the man who achieves a masterpiece. Was not the one bright glorious spot on Byron's inglorious fame the record of his struggle for the Greece that he loved?

Probably no one ever understood Greece better, or adored her with more passionate devotion, than this strange, imperfect genius. In his fighting for her lies a greatness far beyond his greatest songs. And this bears out a pet theory of mine, that every man must be greater than his works. I contend that a small soul cannot prompt a big creation nor a base heart lie behind a noble achievement in art. Art must be the expression of the artist, and if the man is weak, bad, or artificial, the work of his brain and hands must be meretricious and untrue. Only by yearning toward the ideal held in a man's own soul is a great art work made — an art work which shall express a thought, a spirit, an inspiration, and a truth, irrespective of technique or action or superficial effect. WILLIAM ORDWAY PARTRIDGE.



THE MOTHER

By Charles Dana Gibson

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